

everything is changing
everything is getting worse

a collection of poems by
jonny bolduc

EVERYTHING IS CHANGING EVERYTHING IS GETTING WORSE

a collection of poems, prose, and art

**by
JONNY BOLDUC**

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this is pretty sad be warned

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silence

silence came to me
and i pressed my body against the blankets.

i rose, in the morning, alone.

the old house, creaking awake,
you visited.

you came to me last night. i expect to see
you sitting at the table, reading the paper,
brewing the coffee

last night

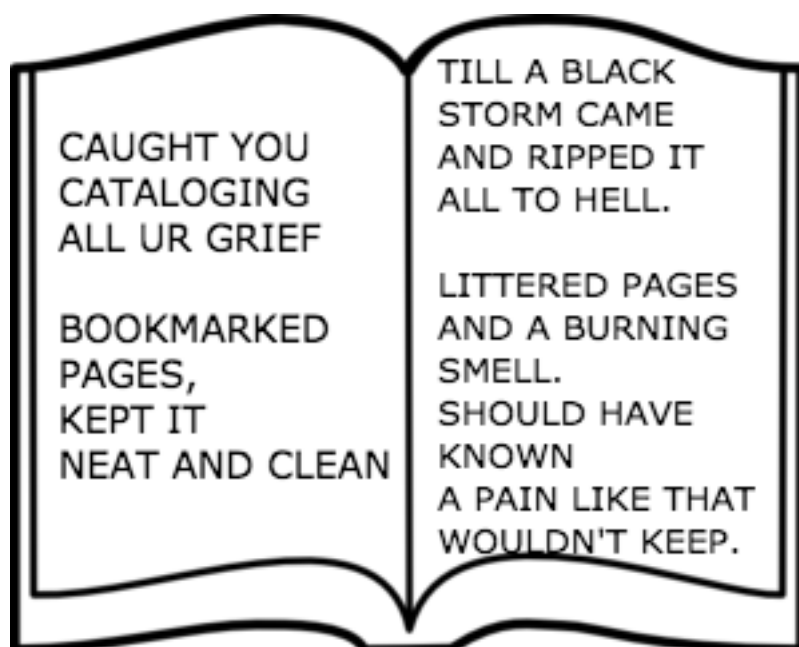
you came into this house and let me dream.
you should have woke me. you
should have told me you were coming. it has
been so long since i have seen you. we have
so much to talk about.
it has been such a long time.

stranger

on a chair, grasping for some words. letting another beer pour
into me. you are taking your coat from the pile,
slipping your boots, cigarette hanging from your lips.
i am at the logical end of my desperation.
the illness has run through the stages,
and i have been left with some brittle soul,
constant attacks, constant fire. some bloated
and diseased sadness festers inside me.

you say goodbye. you could help. were you introduced into my life
to help? could you bend through the thin air between us and come into my head
and push away this dusted cloud forever? do you know some real truth, some
gold plated word that will heal? Can you heal? Can you help?

another beer, farther down into this silence and terror. you could not know how
i came to you for warmth. i did not tell you how i layed inside a tomb of blankets
and thought the about the heat of your body pressed against mine.
you couldn't know. it wasn't your fault. it wasn't your fault. you had no way of
knowing, no score to keep, no way to remain.
you couldn't know, you had no way of knowing.
i would not tell you. silence. you had no way of knowing.



some of us

SOME OF US WILL BE OK

SOME OF US WILL NOT BE

AFTER TONIGHT I WILL BE SOMETHING ELSE
AFTER TONIGHT YOU WILL NOT KNOW ME

BROKE DOWN BATHROOM FLOOR,

AND IF I WERE TO HELP YOU IF I COULD HELP YOU I
I COULD HELP YOU IF I COULD BE KIND IF I COULD H
YOU IF I COULD BREAK DOWN BROKE DOWN FLOOR
IF I COULD HELP YOU HEAL WHATEVER YOU IS LEFT
HELP YOU HEAL YOU HOLD YOU THE BROKE DOWN
THE BREAKING SHATTERING IF I WERE TO HELP YO
HOLD YOU BREAKING BATHROOM FLOOR HOLD YOU

Black Book

I should start taking score. I should keep a catalog of everyone
I know who has died. Everyone I've written a dirge about.
Everyone I've drowned in a cold glass or stumbled home
weeping about.

I can laminate the pages, stick them in a big black binder, color
code each of the deceased by age and relation. When I want to
know something— how they smelled, how they talked, what
shirts they wore— I can flip open the book and know.

I can cancel my paper subscription. When I'm sitting at a
kitchen counter and the morning sun filters down through the
open window I can read about my pap's cancer instead of
budget cuts and car accidents. I can read about my cousin and
his ripped up Ramones t-shirt and his dog Spike who died in
the fire with him. I can read about my father in-law and where
he hid the bottles.

Funerals are always cold. It doesn't matter the season; if I'm in
a pea-coat or sweating through my white shirt's collar I can see
my breath materialize in front of me.

Entry 7, 12/2/2014. Cold December day. Funeral home
freezing. Toes stiff under black socks.

Entry 3, 6/4/2015. Sweating through dress shirt, still freezing.

I can use the results of the data to dress optimally for each funeral season dependent. So many uses. I can study the trends; I can see the waves of grief as they peak and come down and jump back up again.

Keep track of the manic desperate thoughts. Likewise I can use the rest of the data to automate poetry.

ENTRY LOG:

Was a vigil kept? y/n. Did the spirit leave the body? y/n Are you drunk? y/n Are you going to drink more? y/n?

How many ghosts do you know by name? Do they come to you? Do they howl inside of you and rattle your chains and shift around boxes in your attic and when you dream can you see them rise from their sickbed and lift up somewhere barely out of reach?

tonight

after tonight, you will not know yourself.

you will hear a stranger's voice. you will feel some foreign pain,
a deep gash, a festering, alien wound. you will lick it,

numb the pain with booze and drugs and hate and fear.

the alone in you will remain. it will howl out for its master. you
will train your alone, you will know your alone, you will live
inside of your alone forever.

you will look in the mirror and see some stranger, dark circles
around the eyes, bruised, stained, twitching, swaying, breaking,
burning up in the light.

sickbed

I AM GOING TO HELP YOU.

I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO LEAVE THIS PLACE
HOW TO RISE UP FROM YOUR SICKBED
HOW TO KEEP A VIGIL HOW TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS
THAT THIS IS FOR THE BEST I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU
HOW BAD IT CAN REALLY BE

keep
driving



hide and seek

I counted down from ten.

I found God.

He laughed, and hid again.

wine

spilt wine all over the wall trying to
uncork.

i let it stain.

in my mind i was letting blood.

some sacrifice was needed.

switched off all the lights.

turned the shower on and crawled in.

how could i say goodbye? the shower

felt like rain. i closed my eyes. the clarity

came with three bottles of wine. i splashed

some red on my chest. the rain came down.

why aren't you here? why can't you help?

but you didn't even know. there was no way for you
to know

summer

it is summer. you are still damp, and the chlorine from the pool has set into your skin and hair. you lay down in the grass. and close your eyes.

the air is hot and heavy. the skin at your hairline feels tight, and tomorrow you will have a sunburn.

you open your eyes.

endless blue. cicada songs burst out.

there is no fear here. you have done nothing wrong. you are not being chased by some nagging terror. you could sleep inside this moment. you could live inside this string of seconds. it would be fine. it would be good. you could heal, if these minutes had some place to nestle and burrow. a place to survive.

open your eyes.

there is fear. there is a great sorrow. there is a catalogue of sins and a host of terrors eating at your soul.

wave in the despair

AND WITH THIS HAND YOU WILL WAVE IN THE DESPAIR.
IT WILL RUSH IN FROM ALL CORNERS.
IT WILL RUSH IN FROM ALL SIDES,
AND IN THIS UNKEPT BED, IN THIS PILE OF DIRTY BLANKETS
A TERRIBLE STORM RAGES;

TO KILL THE ONLY SELF THAT IS LEFT
TO HAMMER OUT THE DAYS IN A BLIND FURY,
TO BLUR THE REMAINING MOMENTS WITH DRUGS AND BOOZE

AND WITH THIS HAND YOU WILL FORGE A KINDNESS
CAST FROM SOME SMOULDERING METAL, SOME VIOLENT
REACTION, CRAFTED INTO SOME BLACK STEEL BLADE

AND YOU WILL SLASH AND THRASH AND CUT ABOUT
UNTIL THE STORM CLEARS
OUT OF YOUR LIMP BODY

car accident

YOU ARE A MASSIVE SOUL. A GRAND THING.
YOU EXIST IN DIVINE SPACE THAT YOU WILL EXPAND AND FILL.

YOU ARE A DIVINE THING. YOU HAVE A HEART
FULL OF KINDNESS.

YOU ARE DRIVING DOWN A WINDING ROAD
YOU KNOW WELL. IT LEADS TO YOUR CHILDHOOD
HOME. EACH BEND IS FAMILIAR.

IT IS DARK. YOU HAVE REACHED THE LOGICAL END OF ALL EXPANSION.

YOU ARE A DIVINE THING. YOU ARE A MASSIVE SOUL. YOU ARE
GOING TO BE OK.

IT IS DARK. YOU ARE A DIVINE
THING, A MASSIVE SOUL, AND YOU WILL SEE THE BLACK AS IT
RACES TOWARD YOU, FROM THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD.
YOU WILL FEEL THE PULL OF THE HOT MEMORY FADING
SOME SPIT UP; BLOOD. SOME COMPRESSION, SOME BROKEN RADIO

to be pure

to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be unwell, to be sick
to be pure. to be kind.
to be unwell, to be sick
to have a darkness, to
be sick, to have a fear
to feed the fear, to drink
to be drunk to be kind
while drunk to not have kindness
to have no fear. to be
afraid. to have a heart.
to have a rotting
head. to hold some
fire close to your soul.
to be pure. to be kind.
to fuck up badly. to kill
whatever self is left.

time is a puncture wound and i let blood every day. this is the
ending where the ancient terror inside of me has been snuffed
out forever. this is the ending where i make it home.

there is a bowl of my favourite cereal on the counter. the tv is
tuned to the show I always used to watch.

time is a puncture wound and i let blood every day.

my dream is breathless and hot. I jump awake, sweating,
drenched and shaking.

one day i will rise above these bones. they are planted in this
thing i call a body. they are chained in by this gross thing i call a
soul. one day i will break this apart in my hands and escape
through the sharp release of air.

rise up into the open air, up through the steaming factories,
across the ancient fields and above the sludge stream
riverbeds.

time is a puncture wound and i let blood every day.

rise up

UNHINGE, RISE UP,
NO TETHERS, NO CHAINS,
NO KEEPING.

UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO
FRAIL AND GASPING,
NO HURT AND STUMBLING,
NO BROKE DOWN BATHROOM
FLOORS.

EMPTY THE WINE, UNHINGE,
RISE UP, NO MORE SAD
AND DISTANT, NO MORE RAISING
THE DEAD EVERY MORNING.

UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO VOID,
NO PULSE, NO MORE FIRE
NO MORE WALKING
NO MORE CAGES

UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO SPEAKING
UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO SCREAMING
UNHINGE, RISE UP, AND DO NOT REMAIN